The Sketch

No. 2524—Vol. CXCIV. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

O.C. MEAT PIES: MRS. PETER DUDLEY-RYDER AND HER STOCK.

Does your mouth water at the sight of these deliciously crisp-looking meat pies? They are part of the stock of Y.M.C.A. tea cars for the troops in the South of England. Two of these mobile canteens are run by Captain and Mrs. Godfrey Bowes-Lyon from their country home. Their younger daughter, MRS PETER DUDLEY-RYDER, *is a leading member of the party of volunteers who assist in the good work. Activity begins at 8.30 with the cooking and preparation of food, and the cars are on the road for nine hours a day for seven days a week. Captain Godfrey Bowes-Lyon, first cousin of the Queen, acts as treasurer, and generally helps his wife to run the canteens, which do invaluable work for the troops.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

The Arm of the Law. It is announced, apparently with great pride, that since the beginning of the war there have been 18,272 prosecutions under the Food Control Orders. The score mounts briskly month by month : in March there were only 2,141 prosecutions, in April there were 2,300, and there seems to be no reason why there should not be ten thousand a month, if the Ministry will only make enough Rules and Orders—as it certainly will, since this seems to be one of the chief reasons for its existence. It is the proud boast of the Ministry, the Police and the Local Food Committees that 95 per cent. of the prosecutions have been successful. As if they could be anything else ! An Inspector can walk into any shop at any time, and if he can't find *some* offence against the Food Control Orders, he is a very inefficient or unobservant member of the Force.

"*As I approached the bomb I held the sandbag before my face—thus.*"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Guilty Men.

The majority of the offences are utterly trivial and are the result of inadvertence or ignorance, rather than of any deliberate intent to evade the law. We all know that ignorance of the law is no defence, and it is always said in these cases that it is the duty of the merchant to find out the rules which affect his particular trade. The fact is, however, that he can't find out, however hard he tries and however law-abiding he may wish to be. I have myself been trying for some time past to obtain copies of all the Food Orders, and I am finding it very difficult to come by them. Very few officials of the Ministry, hardly any magistrates, and practically no members of the public ever see these so-called laws of the land ; they are just little bits of paper which flutter forth from H.M. Stationery Office like leaves in Vallombrosa, and are then secreted away, long after, in big red volumes which no human being ever sees if he can possibly help it. Very often the first thing the trader knows about the crime which he has committed is when an inspector calls on him and informs him of it. Otherwise, he relies on his trade journal to keep him up to date ; and if the journal happens to lag behind the feverish activity of the rule-mongers, or if (as may happen to anybody) it has wrongly interpreted the cryptic language of a regulation—well, so much the worse for the criminal shopkeeper. For these offences, which in many, and probably most, cases are trifling and innocent oversights, the wicked butcher, baker and candlestick-maker is liable to a fine of £100 or *a year's imprisonment.* I would call the attention of the authorities to a sensible remark of Caius Cassius :

> In such a time as this it is not meet
> That every nice offence should bear his comment.

"*I wanted a design that would draw every eye to the window.*"

DRAWN BY HAROLD BEARDS.

Little Fellow and Big Fellow. An addition of eighteen thousand recruits to the criminal classes might be worth while if it was really abating the abuses of the food supply in time of war. But is it doing so ? The worst evils, I take it, are three. The first is uneven distribution. Anybody who travels about the country will realise how erratic it is. I do not say that this is easy to correct—on the contrary, I am sure it is extremely difficult—but I believe that if half the energy which is devoted to prosecuting petty offences were diverted to this much more serious problem, the gain would be enormous. The second evil is profiteering. About the real facts of this I know nothing, but there is a growing body of evidence that this scandal is reaching very serious proportions, and what seems to be needed is to give the Little Fellow a rest and to go out after the Big Shot with the bloodhounds and the whole sheriff's posse. (I wonder how many people are aware of the huge racket which is now going on in the theft and illicit sale of lorry-borne goods ?) The third evil is waste. I do not believe that there is yet half enough organisation for the prompt salvage of goods partly damaged by enemy action. Let us get on with these major problems, which are a real incubus on the war effort, and not waste our time snooping and sniping.

Prime Scotch Skewers. We shall not get the full flavour of all our food-government until the High Court has had a go at it, and so far it has had little chance, because our eighteen thousand food-felons have just grinned and paid up, entirely failing to realise the needs of the legal profession and the pleasures of litigation. However, the High Court has had one golden opportunity lately, and has held that skewers are not meat and therefore must not be weighed as such. You can't get away from the bone and the fat, but you don't have to pay for the skewers, since by no intendment of law can a wooden skewer be beef or mutton. With great respect to the Divisional Court of the King's Bench, I could have told them that. I have held strongly all my life that a skewer is not meat, and I have constantly protested against the intrusion of these pit-props in the beef. They completely ruin what little skill I have in the art of carving. There is a difference, I have often bitterly remarked, between butchery and carpentry. The offence is sometimes aggravated by string. The only answer I get to my complaints is that if it weren't for the string and the skewers, the joint would disintegrate. To this I once replied (rather brightly, I thought) that *qui s'exskewers, s'accuse*, but it didn't go over big—in fact, it didn't go over at all, and I have never quite lived it down.

Flor de Cabbagio. I have known skewers insinuate themselves even into tobacco. There is, or there used to be, a form of cheroot with a sort of straw skewer through it. I was never attracted by it (though no despiser of cheroots), but I would give a good deal to have a few specimens of it by me now. But how absurd it is that we should depend for our cigars upon the monopolistic tobacco-leaf ! The first cigar I ever smoked, at the age of about ten, was made of brown paper. So far as I remember it, what it lacked in soul it made up in body. And now I see that the Dutch, having the cigars taken out of their mouths by the invader, are turning to cherry-leaves and beetroot pulp. I see no reason why a well-cured beetroot-leaf, or indeed cabbage-leaf, should not make an excellent cigar, and I congratulate myself that I have planted a goodly array of these vegetables wherever there is space for them. When " No Cigarettes, No Tobacco, No Matches, No Anything, No Hope " has become a permanent notice in all

tobacconists' shops, I am looking to the Flor de Cabbagio for much solace. I haven't yet tried tea-leaf cigarettes or coffee-grounds smoking mixture, but I 'm told that they are like false teeth and crying babies—when you cease to hate them, you become quite fond of them.

Save Us From Our Friends!

At the time (ah, the good old days!) when I was smoking brown-paper cigars, I was also exercising a great deal of ingenuity in purchasing the maximum of internal derangement for a penny—and it was wonderful what an amount of corrosive sweetstuffs you could get, in those spacious times, by shrewd bargaining, for a copper or even half a copper. The children of to-day have to pay more dearly for their vices, but it seems to me that they are more pampered than I ever was by uncles, aunts and too-kind friends. This appears to be specially true in the United States, where King Candy holds a sway which is disputed only by that still greater monarch, Queen Ice-Cream. It has come to something when the parents of a too-popular child of four are reduced to inserting this advertisement in the local Press: " Betsy Earle's parents wish to announce that she is suffering from stomach-ache. They urgently request town folk to refrain from feeding her with candy." Learn early, Betsy, to be saved from your friends! And yet how many a child, in this less favoured land, would willingly share Betsy's Little Pain!

Bad Language.

The English language, which we were brought up to believe (in our insular way) was a rich one, now turns out to be rather poor. There is a persistent demand, to which I have referred ere now, for it to be reduced to a " basic " form, and a start has already been made on the Bible. And now a Member of Parliament has asked if we can't have our statutes in Basic English. His simple point is that if they were expressed in that form, though they might not be elegant, they might at least be intelligible. This is a revolutionary suggestion which will cause alarm and despondency, not unmingled with indignation, in the office of every Departmental draftsman. Imagine, for example, the Treasury being asked to resort to language which would allow the taxpayer to understand how and why he was paying his income tax! Come to that, imagine any of our modern legislation being expressed in such a form that a Judge could say at a glance what it meant! The whole legal profession would be on the dole and the Courts would practically cease to function. However, I don't think we need be unduly apprehensive, because I doubt whether even Basic English would produce this deplorable canker in the Commonwealth. The Prime Minister, himself an opponent of " official diction," warned the questioner in the House of Commons that the very words " basic " and " basal " are pronounced by good authorities to be bad English. I am sure Mr. A. P. Herbert, Generalissimo of the Word War, would strongly disapprove of them.

Au Fond.

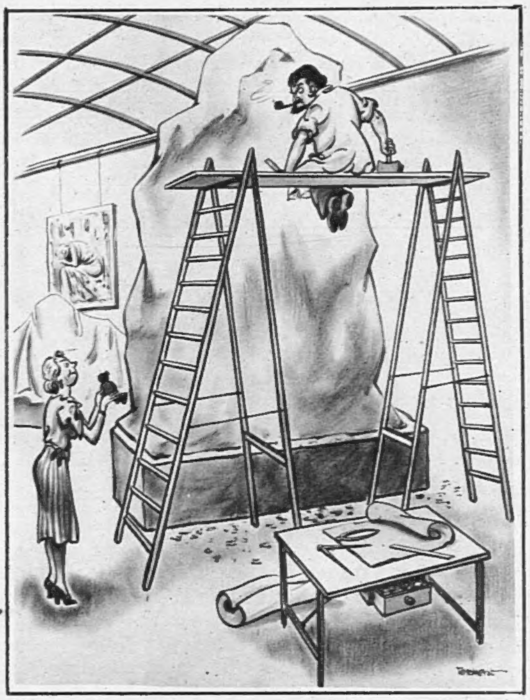
It just shows you how careful you have to be about this funny old language of ours, and how difficult it is to get a genuine pailful from " the well of English undefiled." The enthusiastic simplifier thinks " fundamental " too long and un-English a word, and he substitutes something which isn't English at all. As for " basal," I remember once, when in a somewhat weakened condition, being much puzzled by a chatty nurse who kept on referring to, and threatening me with, a mysterious person called Basil Metabolism, whom I took to be a distinguished Greek scientist. She was not very strong on pronunciation, and it was not until they began to suffocate me with the thing that I realised that she had been referring to a machine which would have warmed Mr. Heath Robinson's heart.

" Halt! Who goes there?"
" It 's only me. Are you wanting a fourth for bridge to-night?"

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Lucky Adam and Eve!

" Well, my dear, what do you think of my Twenty-Three-Coupon suit? A trifle expensive, but rather natty, don't you think? And my Five-Coupon fustian or corduroy trousers? Smart line in gent's suitings, wouldn't you say?" " Lovely, darling, but do look at my *too ducky* hat! Such a bargain! It only cost three guineas, and *I got it without any coupons at all!*" Is this justice? Is it cricket? What shall it profit a man to be able to get braces, suspenders and garters without margarine coupons when a woman can continue, without the sacrifice of a single coupon, to indulge her unbridled passion for headwear? What is the use, anyhow, of a pair of couponless braces or suspenders unless there is something to brace or to suspend? Ah, but there is! I have been thinking this matter out carefully, and I can see my way to an excellent, inexpensive, uncouponed wardrobe. A roll or two of " black-out cloth dyed black " (avoid carefully the white, cream or salmon-pink varieties of black-out cloth), and loving hands will make me a range of sombre but hard-wearing garments, from shirts to pyjamas. For town wear, I propose to lay in a tasteful selection of " boiler suits and workman's bib and brace overalls," with clogs for footwear. For luck, I shall stock up with Hard Haberdashery, though I am not quite clear what I am going to fix it to, nor, indeed, have I fully grasped the difference between hard and soft haberdashery. What with one thing and another, I expect to be rather well turned out this summer—turned out, in fact, of any respectable society.



" Look, Gilbert, our little evacuee modelled this in plasticine!"

DRAWN BY TERNENT.

Mixed Grill.

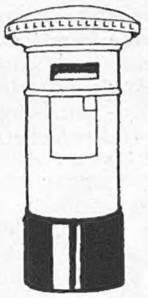
To all of us here below come occasions of martyrdom which test the character to the full and leave us, as it were, purified by resignation. The commonest of these " things sent to try us " is, perhaps, allowing a dentist to bore holes into the middle of our heads, and another is allowing an artist or a photographer to tell the world what *he* thinks we look like. I see that this ordeal has just befallen Lord Halifax, at the hands of Mr. James Montgomery Flagg—an artist whose work many of us have always admired; but was it necessary for the artist to describe his sitter as a physiognomical compound of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Fred Astaire and Socrates? Just when Lord Halifax, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Astaire were about to congratulate each other—and very rightly—it seems unnecessary and harsh to drag in Socrates, who, notoriously, would never have made a fortune at Hollywood, except in somewhat sinister character parts. I regard these facial amalgams with apprehension. I have just had my own photograph taken, and it looks to me like a bad mix-up of Joe E. Brown, Landru and something by Epstein. And yet they say that the camera can never lie! That is not only a slanderous lie itself, but sheer defeatism! Yes, you 're right—I feel strongly about this.

A Great All-Rounder.

How pleased and blest was I to see that Jan Smuts is now a Field-Marshal of the British Army! Statesman, philosopher (and the founder of a school of philosophy), soldier, lawyer, botanist, physicist—can anybody tell me whether there is any parallel in the modern world to this combination of talents and achievements? Or any such remarkable dualism of the Man of Thought and the Man of Action? I know of none.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.

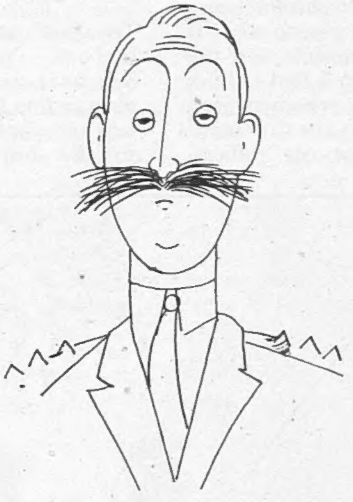


MY DEAR ROBERT—The Conductor gave two concerts last week, one here, and one in an outlying village. He has been in bed ever since. Here we had our usual rather sullen audience composed of people who had been bludgeoned into buying tickets and who would rather have been playing bridge. The most exciting moment of the afternoon, as far as I was concerned, was when I came in with a loud fluting note a whole bar too soon, but with great presence of mind I turned and gave Faith, who was standing next to me, a Look, and the Conductor, thinking she was the culprit, smiled indulgently.

"I turned and gave Faith a Look."

When I told Charles about this afterwards he said he thought it was a rather mean action, but I explained that Faith never quite knows whether she's singing right or wrong anyway, and it is most important not to upset a conductor in the middle of a concert.

The Concert in the outlying village was much more fun because the Women's Institute hall was packed with people who all wanted to be there, and were determined to enjoy themselves at all costs. The front seats, which had gone up sixpence this year and were now two shillings, were gratifyingly full of London Visitors, and officers who are billeted in the village. They had come partly because their landladies had sold them tickets, partly because they felt it was the duty of the gentry to uphold Village Effort, but mostly because they hoped it would be like the gramophone record of "Our Village Concert," and that they 'd get a good laugh. The back seats came partly to laugh at their friends on the stage, and partly to laugh at the gentry laughing at the village.



"The sort of moustache which never unbends."

"I suppose it 's no good offering you tulips?" I said to one of the village worthies when we were getting the stage ready on the morning of the concert.

"Well, no, Mrs. Brown, thanking you all the same," she said. "You see, we have to consider the Two-shillingses."

So out came the paper flowers, and the flags, and the branches of beech, and the Choir sat on the platform at the back, and the soloists stood on the billiard table in front of the beam, and a short one-act play was performed in a rich Devon dialect which hasn't been heard off the stage for generations. The violin soloist poked a paper rose from its moorings with her bow, and when my turn came I stepped forward, knocked my head on the beam, caught my hair on a branch of beech, and rendered a trembling and inarticulate solo from behind a Union Jack. We know what is expected of us.

The Two-shillingses were entranced. The only person who remained unmoved throughout the evening was a Marine Officer in the second row, but he had the sort of moustache which never unbends. I heard from his landlady afterwards that he had enjoyed himself very much indeed.

We were all dreadfully sorry for Faith when we heard about the rationing of clothes. She came up to our house after tea on the day the news was broadcast looking white and drawn.

"I 've given up offering people my whisky, Faith," said Charles gently as he led her to the sofa, "but I 'd like you to have some now."

"I'd sooner have some sherry," said Faith in a choked voice.

Charles filled a port glass to the brim and handed it to her. "You can still buy hats," he said tenderly.

"Hats!" said Faith. "Nobody wears a hat in the country!" and she tossed off her sherry as though it were vodka.

"And you 've got an awful lot of clothes to go on with," I said, and Faith gave me a withering look.

"It wouldn't matter so much if the make-up wasn't going off the market," she said gloomily. "You can get away with no clothes if you 've got plenty of make-up."

"I 'm sure you can," said Charles admiringly as he refilled her glass.

"My Grandmother used to tell me that once when she particularly wanted to cut a dash at a dance she made herself some rouge out of red geranium petals and was the Belle of the Ball. In fact, that was the night she hooked Grandfather."

"I suppose she mixed the petals with something?" said Faith, with deep interest. Then the Conductor came in and Faith, who was starting on her third glass of sherry and cheering up, waved to him and said she had decided to have an evening coat made of patchwork silk.

"Motley 's the only wear," said the Conductor. Then he sat down beside her on the sofa and took her hand. "I just want you to know," he said, "that you can have *all* my coupons."

"Are they transferable?" said Faith, who was greatly touched by this sign of devotion.

"Only among families," said Charles.

"Well ——" said the Conductor, with a meaning look.

Charles saw them to the gate. When he came back he said that if the Conductor didn't pull it off this time he never would.

The next morning I met Lady B. "My dear," she said, "Faith has gone stark staring mad."

"Has she accepted him?" I asked eagerly.

"Not as far as I know," said Lady B. "But she 's got her garden cram-jam full of the most awful red geraniums."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"The night she hooked Grandfather."

"YES, I'M CARRYIN' ON FOR MY 'USBAND, WHO'S JUST BEEN CALLED UP—SO YOU MUST MAKE ALLOWANCES!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

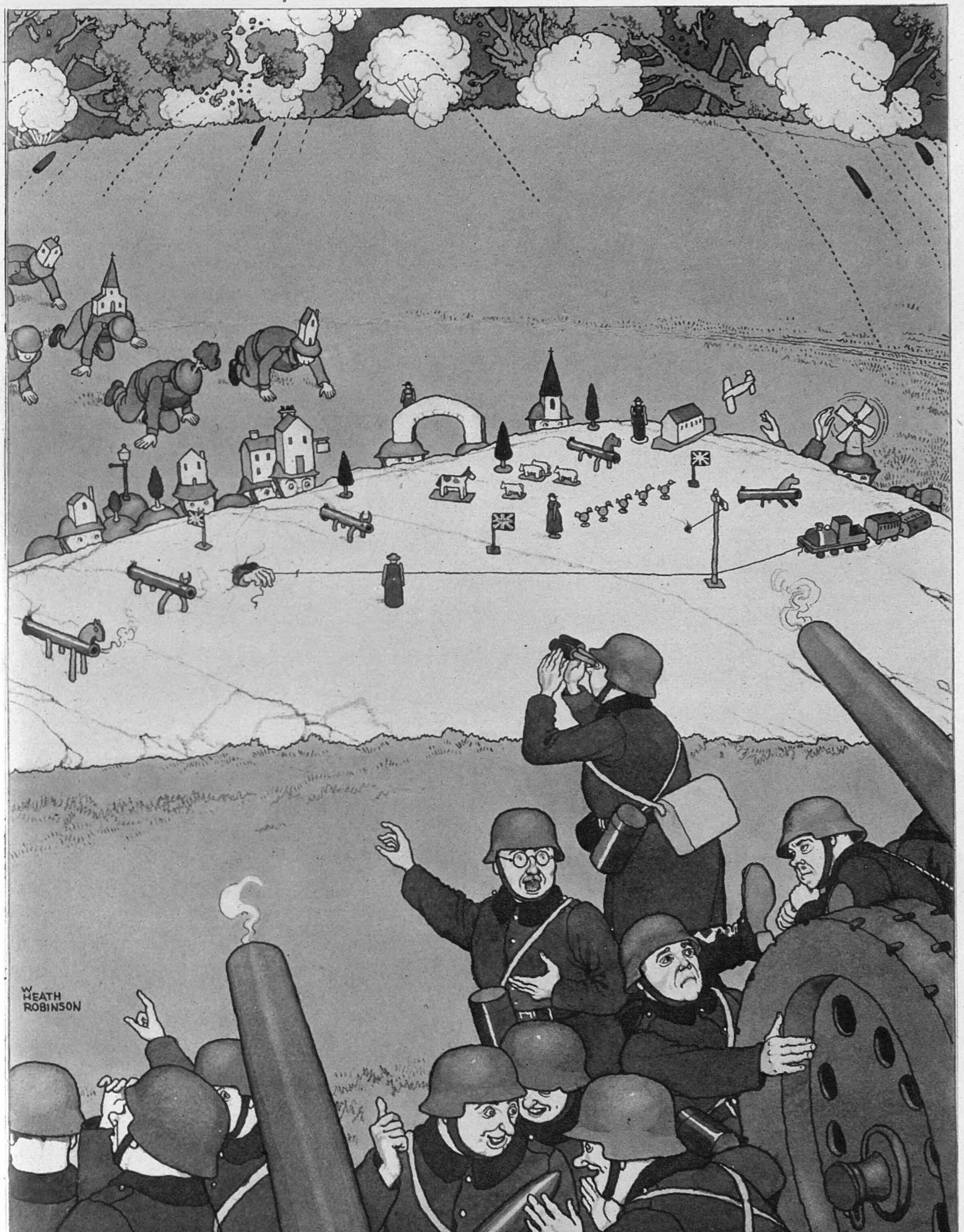
FISH BORTSCH.

Buy some sole bones and a haddock head at your fishmongers: break up the bones and put them with the head, one carrot, one onion and a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar into two pints of cold water. Simmer until the liquid is reduced by about a third, strain, add a few small pieces of cod or hake, the carrot diced, and boil gently for another ten minutes.

If there is any cream off the milk available add to the soup just before serving.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.

UNRATIONED RELISH: NO. 7. FISH BORTSCH.



DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

HOW TO UPSET THE ENEMY'S RANGE-FINDING.

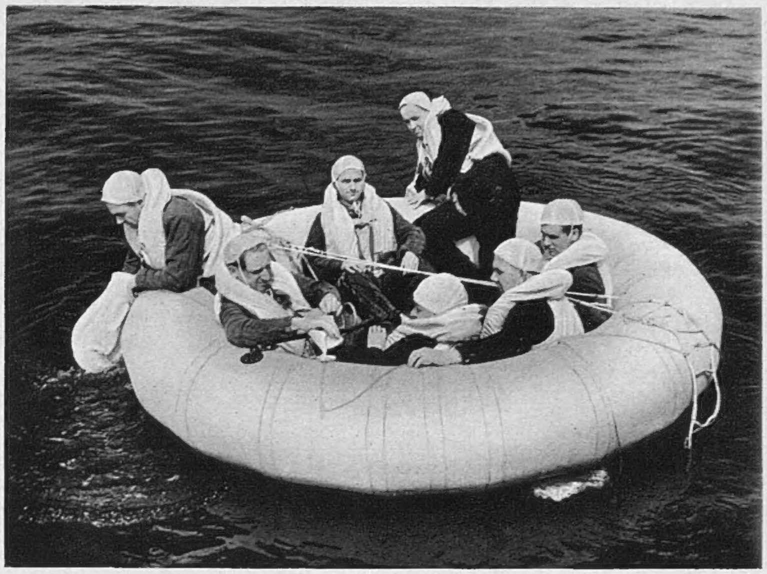
Here's a brilliant and most original new plan of defence strategy devised by W. Heath Robinson. It consists of ingeniously upsetting the enemy's range-finding by confusing his sense of distance in a most surprisingly short time.

CARICATURES BY SHERRIFFS.

IN THE CAVALRY—NOW. NO. 3.

Here is the third of Sherriffs' series of impressions of his fellow-soldiers in the Royal Armoured Corps, with which he is serving. He compares the types of officers and men of the modern mechanised arm with those of the old-time cavalry which it replaces in up-to-date warfare.

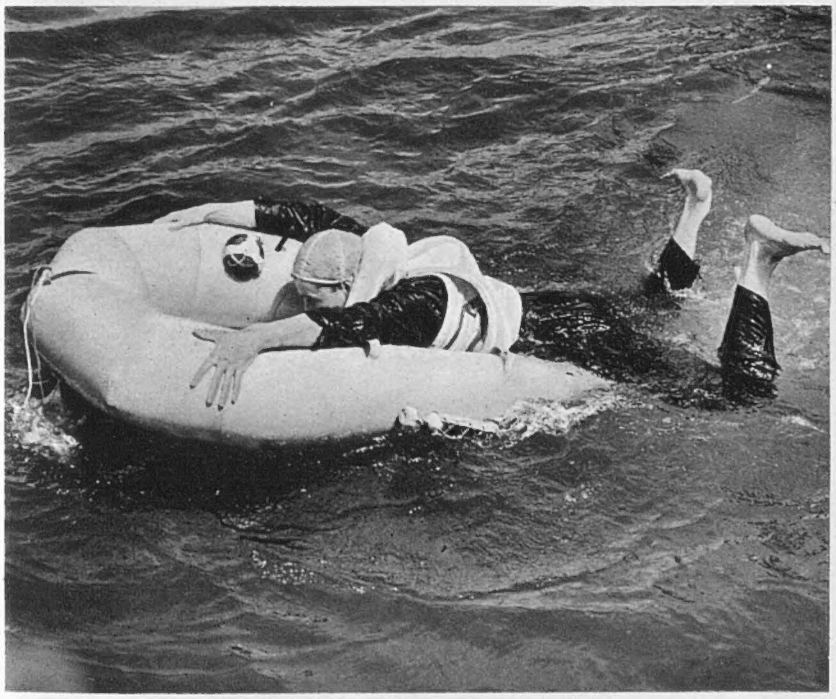
A two-man dinghy with one passenger using the canvas "flipper" gloves to paddle with while the other wears bellows to pump in more air if required.



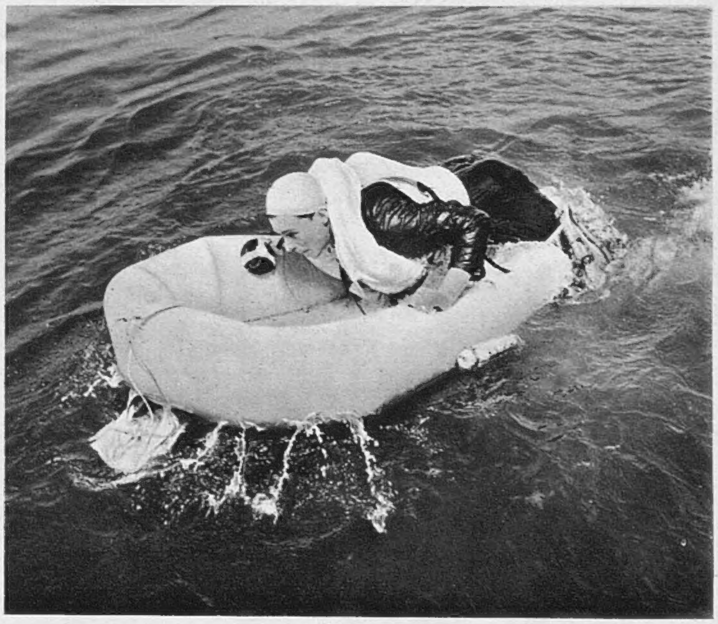
A dinghy from a big bomber with a crew of seven aboard. The dinghy is automatically inflated from blow-out stowage inside the wings.

Waiting to be picked up by craft of the Air-Sea Rescue Service which operates by fleets of speed-launches and Lysander aeroplanes. The men wear yellow skull-caps to attract the attention of scouting aircraft.

One method of attracting the attention of the Air-Sea Rescue Service is to release a green fluid, known as Fluorescence, which becomes luminous after dark. The pilot is doing this.



A fighter-pilot scrambles into his one-man dinghy, which inflates itself, and is equipped with a sea anchor, paddles, rations, signals, repair kit, baler and pump.

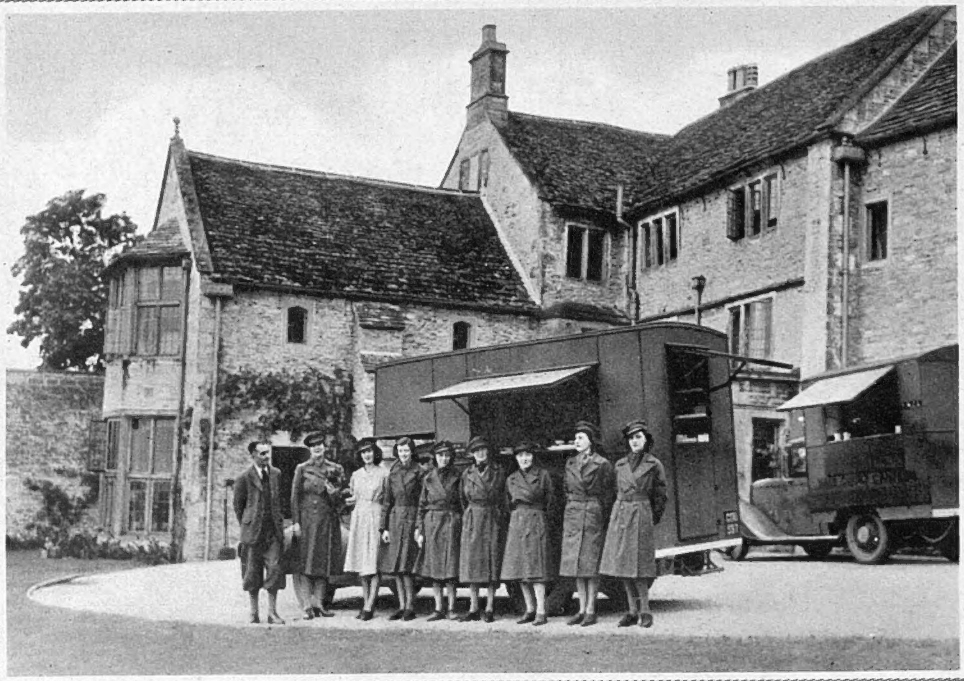


The one-man dinghy into which this baled-out fighter-pilot is climbing can be contained in a seat cushion 15 in. square and 3 in. thick.

FIGHTING AMPHIBIANS: THE R.A.F. GOES TO SEA.

THE R.A.F. AIR-SEA RESCUE SERVICE has saved hundreds of British pilots and crews from drowning. Every machine in the R.A.F. is equipped with a rubber dinghy. To pick up men who are in the sea or who have not yet been located by surface craft, special dinghies are dropped from aircraft. When a baled-out pilot is spotted, a Lysander machine drops a rubber dinghy and directs a fast R.A.F. or naval speed-launch to the scene.

MORE GAY THAN GRIM.



CAPT. and MRS. GODFREY BOWES-LYON with the *Y.M.C.A. tea cars they run; and helpers,* MRS. P. DUDLEY-RYDER, MISS IONE WILLS, MRS. BRUCE WILLS, MISS PETERS, MISS BROMPTON, MISS FRASER, MRS. EION MERRY. *A portrait of Mrs. Ryder forms our front page.*

FIRST OFFICER SALE BARKER, *of the Air Transport Auxiliary, has ferried many R.A.F. 'planes. She is here boarding a machine with her parachute before taking off.*

Left: MRS. RONALD WALLACE *and her twin sister,* MISS PEGGY SPENCER THORNTON, *whose engagement to Mr. Michael Stewart, Welsh Guards, has been announced.*

Right: During a recent stay at Gibraltar the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. ARK ROYAL *was the scene of a concert on behalf of the crew. The* MISSES DIANA *and* PAULINE OWENS *are seen giving their number.*

COMMANDER C. D. HOWARD-JOHNSTON, D.S.C., R.N., *married* LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG, *daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street.*

LIEUT. ROBERT HUGH PARDOE, R.E., *younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Pardoe, married* MISS BRONWEN SELBY, *only daughter of Mrs. Selby, of Hamilton Lodge, Bickley, at Abingdon.*

WEDDINGS AND WARWORK.

MISS VALERIE HOBSON *opened the South London Hospital for Women's garden fête.* LADY IRONSIDE *(right), who received purses, watched* ANN MORGAN *present her bouquet.*

MISS SHEILA JACKSON-STOPS, MISS DIANA CROCKER *and* MISS CRYSTAL FLETCHER *took part in the Scamperdale "Keep Your Chin Up" Horse Show at Edenbridge in aid of the local St. John Prisoners of War Fund.*

Left: VISCOUNT ERLEIGH, M.C., *only son of Colonel the Marquess of Reading, married* MISS MARGOT DUKE, *younger daughter of Mr. Percy Duke, at St. Peter's, Walton-on-the-Hill. Friends contributed the sugar for the cake.*

Right: MISS CATRIONA MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR, *daughter and heiress of the sixteenth Chieftain of the Ardgour branch of Clan Maclean, is engaged to Mr. Aidan Mark Sprot, younger son of Major Sprot of Riddell. She is in the W.T.S. (F.A.N.Y.).*

CAPTAIN SIR CHARLES MACLEAN OF DUART, *Scots Guards, married* MISS ELIZABETH MANN, *elder daughter of Mr. Frank Mann, at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks.*

CAPTAIN HENRY RALPH SCOTT STEWART, *only son of Mrs. Stewart of Keavil, Fife, married* MISS BARBARA JEAN WHITE, *younger daughter of Mr. H. Forbes White, of Derwent House, Chislehurst.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

Left : LORD *and* LADY ASTOR *—for bowling along Plymouth Hoe in a* pas de deux*—not quite like Drake.*

JEAN HOWARD*—for her barefooted evasion of the clothes rationing order.*

DRAKE made history by playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe when the Spanish Armada was sighted, and so did LORD ASTOR, Plymouth's Lord Mayor, and LADY ASTOR, M.P. for its Sutton Division, when they joined in the first Cornish Floral Dance ever performed on the Hoe.

MISS JEAN HOWARD, of Croxley Green, has walked about her house and garden for years without shoes or stockings, and her feet are quite hardened. The rationing of stockings and shoes leaves her cold, for she walks in the streets with bare feet and only carries a pair of sandals to wear during rush hours and on the trains.

MABEL KNIBBS of Windsor, fourteen-year-old member of the Windsor Youth Club detachment, was parading during War Weapons Week when she dropped her bag, and a car ran over it. The two Princesses were watching the incident, and told the Queen, whereupon her Majesty sent the child a new navy blue handbag to replace the lost one.

PAULETTE GODDARD walked into the smart Hotel Miramar, Santa Monica, California, one evening for dinner dressed in shorts, startling even the hard-bitten film-star clientèle. The shorts were of bright yellow crêpe with a floral design traced in brilliantly coloured sequins. Coupons permitting, we may come to a less starry ensemble of this sort as the war wears on. Ask your dressmaker.

MRS. DORIS WEIGAND, aged twenty-two, of Kentish Town, is said to be Britain's first woman railway "knocker-up." She works at a L.M.S. London depôt, and makes from 10 to 15 bicycle calls a day, knocking up drivers and firemen for passenger and goods trains which often have to run at short notice.

IN response to an appeal by Air Ministry for 15,000 cotton-reels, members of the GIRL GUIDES ASSOCIATION set out to interview stores, depôts and their friends to such purpose that during a week-end they managed to collect 41,000 reels.

THIS EGG COLLECTOR*—for his morning hangover after unusual eggs for breakfast.*

ON England's north-east coast men risk their lives collecting thousands of eggs laid there during the five-week season by sea-birds of all sorts—guillemots, razor-bills, kittiwakes and sea-gulls. After collection the Ministry of Food will distribute some 200,000 of these eggs, graded and priced like hens' eggs. Most of the fifty gangs of collectors were peacetime fishermen and they wear special hats to protect them from the savage attacks of the birds.

MABEL KNIBBS*—for having the luck to drop her bag in front of the Queen and receiving a new one from her Majesty.*

Left :
MRS. DORIS WEIGAND*—for being Britain's first woman railway "knocker-up."*

Right :
PAULETTE GODDARD*—for giving the stars a shock by shorts-circuiting at a smart California hotel dinner.*

THE GIRL GUIDES ASSOCIATION, *for reeling around in aid of Air Ministry.*

"NICE GIRL?" DEANNA DURBIN GOES VAMPING.

Nice Girl Jane Dana (DEANNA DURBIN) *offers to drive Richard Calvert* (FRANCHOT TONE) *to New York, as his car has broken down.*

Jane Dana starts to try and vamp Calvert, having dressed up in his sister's daring scarlet pyjamas.

Small-town professor's three daughters: stage-struck Sylvia (ANNE GWYNNE), *Jane and Nancy* (ANN GILLIS) *(l. to r.)*

"NICE GIRL?", due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on June 16, presents DEANNA DURBIN as a grown-up sophisticated vamp. She 's the nice-girl daughter of a small-town professor, and wearies of the cool way her fiancé, Don Webb, takes her for granted. When Calvert comes to see her father, she puts his car out of action, and offers to drive him to New York. It rains, so she dresses up in his sister's smart clothes and tries to fascinate him. He thinks her an amusing child, but when she comes home in pyjamas next morning, her "nice girl" reputation is blasted. She pretends to be engaged to Calvert—and induces him to play up, so that Don Webb grows jealous and possessive.

DEANNA DURBIN *as the sophisticated beauty in scarlet pyjamas, with Don Webb* (ROBERT STACK).

The secret of the car breakdown! Don Webb shows Jane the potato that he discovered in the exhaust-pipe.

Richard Calvert is horrified by Jane's announcement of their engagement. Professor Dana (ROBERT BENCHLEY) *is on the right.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THERE are many signs, quite apart from the whacking kiss Franchot Tone gives her in "NICE GIRL ?", that Deanna Durbin has grown clear out of her childhood, and has to be regarded these days as a serious romantic subject. Her voice, for instance, always developed for her years, has now taken on the mature roundness of a woman's. The coltishness has gone out of her movements, and to-day she rarely gambols. She wears clothes with something of an air, even daring clothes, like the turban and lounging pyjamas they give her in the "big scene" of "Nice Girl ?" She has become the middle sister of three, no longer the youngest, the tomboy. She has two men in love with her, or, rather, one-and-a-half, let us say, for Mr. Tone, who hugs her so warmly, is never absolutely certain.

The new Universal picture "THE INVISIBLE WOMAN" *(London Pavilion, June 23), stars* VIRGINIA BRUCE *as Kitty Carroll in the name-part, with* JOHN BARRYMORE *as Professor Gibbs. Gibbs, a scientist subsidised by Richard Russell (John Howard), finds a means of making human beings and animals invisible. He advertises for a subject who will submit to the experiment, and Kitty Carroll turns up, a beautiful young mannequin bored with life and resentful of the domineering manner of the showroom manager, Browley. She retires to a dressing-room, and returns to the Professor, the treatment having been entirely successful—she is invisible.*

I must say that producer Joe Pasternak, who has had Deanna's screen education in his hands ever since she made her début at fourteen, has brought the girl on with extraordinary skill and delicacy. There has been no sudden break in her career, nothing but the smoothest passage from childhood to the status of a full-grown star. Her romances, shyly sketched in at first, have blossomed as naturally as any nice girl's would. She is still allowed her childish moments, her inhibitions, her naïve spells of schoolgirl daring. I should say that the successful flowering of Deanna Durbin is the most skilful thing of its kind that has ever been done in the cinema. She is ready now for any kind of picture: grand opera, marriage comedy, "Seventh Heaven," knitting tiny garments, and romances of the first year.

I don't mean to suggest that "Nice Girl ?"—which, by the way, you can see at the Odeon—is her best picture. It isn't. On paper, the story sounds fine. It presents Deanna as the middle one, the overlooked one, of a small-town Professor's trio of daughters. Professor Dana (Robert Benchley) is an authority on dietetics. Eldest daughter Sylvia (Anne Gwynne) is a would-be actress. Youngest daughter Nancy (Ann Gillis) is a bouncing schoolgirl, with *beaux* two-a-penny. Middle daughter Jane looks after her father's rabbits, sings at local socials, drives the station wagon; is just a nice girl whom everyone accepts, including Don (Robert Stack), the boy next door.

When thirty-six-year-old scientist Richard Calvert (Franchot Tone) comes down from New York to discuss a fellowship with Professor Dana, Jane sees her opportunity of shaking off that "nice girl" hoodoo. She drives him back to New York on a stormy night, dons his sister's scarlet pyjamas, and sips his champagne, and streaks home at dawn, in a burst of childish impotence, when the expected worst never happens. The pyjamas, though, and the outrageous hour of her arrival are enough to start a five-cent scandal in the little town of Stillwater. Jane, to her embarrassment, finds herself no longer regarded as a nice girl, but as a scarlet woman. Don, in a storm of jealousy, joins the American draft army; Richard, like a gentleman and a scholar, has to go through all sorts of polite deceptions to put things right again.

The story, as a "vehicle" for Deanna, is good enough, but I fancy it could have done with a rather more skilful treatment. The set-piece backgrounds are rather cardboardy at times. The choice of songs, too, seems to me badly balanced. Except for the gay "Perhaps," which Deanna tosses off at the beginning, while feeding her father's rabbits, the numbers are on the heavy side, sung straight, far too straight, as concert items, at the audience. "The Old Folks at Home" is fine for coloured singers, but doesn't stand quite the solo treatment the production gives it. "Beneath the Lights of Home" hardly seems to deserve singing twice, and the patriotic numbers at the end, "Thank You, America" and "There 'll Always be an England," are frankly out of place in what should be a light romantic picture.

The new Lubitsch film at the Gaumont, "THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING," gave me a lot of quiet pleasure, possibly because it is a superfluity, a luxury. It is just a marriage comedy, without any message for anybody, except perhaps for pampered young wives who are bored and irritable after six years of happiness with a successful husband. The particular wife of the piece, Jill Baker ((Merle Oberon), has the malady in one of its most disturbing forms—hiccups. They come, she says, and they go. Prevailed on by her social friends to seek medical advice, she visits the exclusive Dr. Vengard (Alan Mowbray), who is so wonderful with repressions and things like that. "I want to be quite certain," she flutters at him, "that there is nothing really wrong." "My dear Mrs. Baker," he assures her suavely, "I am sure you will feel quite differently when you leave this office."

She does. As a result of a probing psychoanalysis by the expert, she goes home convinced that her marriage is a failure, and her husband doesn't love her any more. Every casual remark made by the prosaic Larry Baker (Melvyn Douglas) about the weather, or his insurance business, or that important merger with Universal Mattresses, strengthens Jill in her suspicions. Nervy, self-pitying, even (perish the thought !) getting hollows under the eyes, she is just in the mood to find distraction in the first assertive male who comes along. And that happens to be another of the doctor's patients, Alexander Sebastian, a posturing pianist (Burgess Meredith).

Their odd, artificial romance, started in the doctor's waiting-room, and continued in Jill's drawing-room and Sebastian's pent-house studio, is aggravated by a portrait she sees of him in a surrealist art gallery. At least, it is listed in the catalogue as a portrait of Alexander Sebastian. To Jill's eyes, and the audience's, and later, when it comes to his attention, to her husband Larry's, it looks like a pedestal, a bust, a worm, a scroll of music, and an alarm clock pointing to 12.15 in the corner. "That's nearly great," says the musician, looking at it gloomily. "By a woman, of course. Only a woman could be so malicious." But he won't explain it. In particular, he won't explain the significance of the alarm-clock, which, he declares, is a personal matter. Naturally, of course, he adds, it was 12.15 midnight, not noon.

Invisible Kitty revisited the showroom to revenge h... he would never forget. On her return to the Profes... George (CHARLES RUGGLES) *and makes him fa... she is indeed an invisi...*

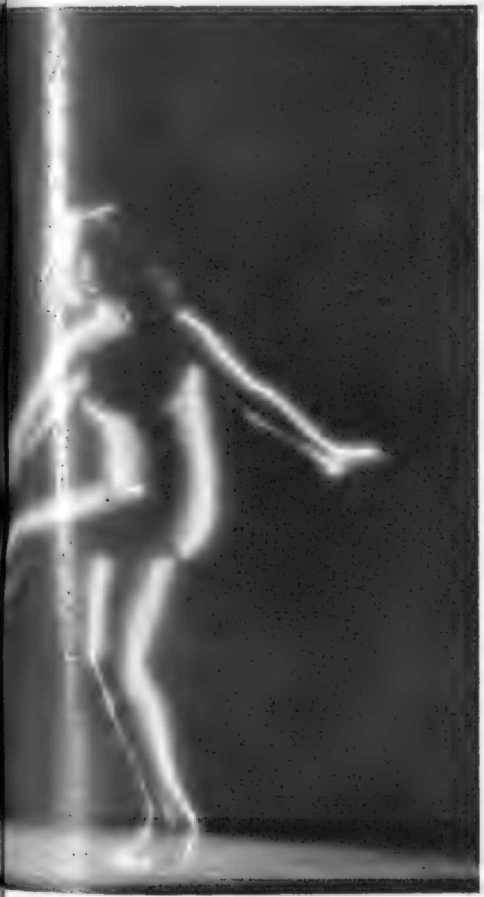
The story takes the Bakers right up to the threshold of the divorce courts, before it settles things up with the sensible happy ending. The plot is nothing new, of course. It is based on an old French farce by Victorien Sardou, " Divorçons," which was filmed in silent form as far back as 1918, and was even used, in a variant, by Lubitsch himself in " Kiss Me Again "—1925 or thereabouts. But the script and the treatment of the idea is strictly modern. It represents a very mellow Lubitsch, a wise veteran picture-maker, who can afford to be very quiet in his methods, who can even use printed sub-titles and get away with them.

The acting is ace-high. Lubitsch was always a director who brought the best out of his artists, and he does so here. Melvyn Douglas, who seldom goes wrong in comedy, never goes wrong at all. Merle Oberon, who has always responded to the right director, gives a performance full of brittle charm. Perhaps the most gratifying surprise of the piece comes from Burgess Meredith, a fine stage actor who has never, since his début in " Winterset," seemed quite at his ease on the screen. Mr. Meredith has at last found a director who knows what he is worth. His performance has been stopped down and down until it is all suppressed fire. His scenes in the doctor's waiting-room, at the art gallery, at the Bakers' evening party, are beautifully done. With half a movement, a raised eyebrow, a growled rejoinder, he suggests the whole background of his type. This is the sort of acting that we rarely get from Hollywood, and that it takes a Lubitsch to discover and control.

" CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP " (Regal) is an American prototype of " Good-bye Mr. Chips," substituting a Midwest college for James Hilton's English Brookfield, and taking for its central figure an idealistic, devoted woman, who gives up fifty adult years of her life to a teaching career. The film opens in the last decades of the last century, at a time when scholastic careers for women were still an oddity. Ella Bishop (Martha Scott) is a country girl with a relentless hunger for knowledge. She attends the bleak, newly-opened Midwestern University as a student in its first session, and graduates with honours. But she never leaves it. She accepts a post on the staff as an English teacher. And there she stays for over half a century, while generations of students come and go, presidents change, and the little pioneer college becomes a great modern institution.

Romance hovers fitfully on the edge of Miss Bishop's career, but never materialises. Her first love, a dashing young lawyer, is seduced by her man-crazy cousin Amy, and leaves a daughter, whom Miss Bishop adopts. Her second love is a professor, whose wife won't divorce him. Miss Bishop might have run away with him, but her principles won't let her. Only at the very last, too late, she realises that the man she ought to have married, the faithful grocery clerk (William Gargan), has been waiting at her elbow since her girlhood. Frustrated in her own home-life, Miss Bishop lives, like Mr. Chips, in a world made rich by other people's children. Teaching is her romance, and the gratitude of generations of pupils her reward. In the end she dies, tranquil and full of years, after the student reunion which gives its title to the picture.

Martha Scott's performance as the gentle schoolmistress is a remarkable achievement for so young a girl and such a comparatively new screen actress. More experienced players than Miss Scott have often found these marathon parts getting them down. It is true that in all the later stages of her long career she is helped towards outward conviction by expert make-up men. But it isn't the grease-paint so much as the inner spirit that makes a real woman of Miss Bishop. Martha Scott showed in " Our Town " and " The Tree of Liberty " that she was a sincere, eager and persuasive actress. She brings the same magic to bear now on a much more difficult picture, and, I think you will agree, quite triumphantly succeeds.



...f by giving Browley, the showroom manager, a lesson ... Russell's shooting-lodge, she frightens the butler ...eral times before he and Russell are convinced that ...man and not a ghost.

Apart from Miss Scott's graceful performance, " Cheers for Miss Bishop " is chiefly remarkable for its unusual attitude towards American college life. It is a film about a college that really is a college. At Midwestern University the students learn something other than football, close harmony, and the art of playing the ukulele. Most of them are serious and hard-working young people, who have come here to acquire learning, not oomph, and actually read books, instead of just carrying them. There isn't a radio comedian on the faculty. Nobody dopes the football ace or even scores the winning touchdown. Graduation from Midwestern depends less on skill in tap-dancing than in sheer hard application to an educational programme. " Miss Bishop," I confess, is something of a surprise and comfort in a cinema which is apt to accept the campus as the gateway to a radio circuit or to Artie Shaw's band.

On her return to the shooting-lodge with Professor Gibbs, Kitty and Russell fall in love; he finding a great kick in loving a woman he can't see. They persuade the Professor to make her visible again; but back she has to go to force a gang of thieves to return to the scientist the " invisible machine " they have stolen from him. Kitty disposes of the thieves according to schedule, and all ends well.

The special charm of " COME LIVE WITH ME " (Empire) will depend largely on your reactions to the two leading players, James Stewart and Hedy Lamarr, who carry the light burden of the piece on their shoulders. Personally, I have long ago accepted Mr. Stewart as a major performer, but have never quite been able to get behind Miss Lamarr's exquisite porcelain mask and find in her much warmth and conviction as an actress.

I'll admit, though, that I like the beautiful Czech much better as a light comedian, as she was in " Comrade X," and is again here, than in the sultry glamour parts of her earlier Hollywood pictures. The film itself is gay, lyrical, and rather specially successful in its mixture of sophistication and fairy-tale charm. There is nothing very new about the plot, but it does all the old things nicely. Johanna Janns, anglice Johnny Jones (Hedy Lamarr), is a Viennese refugee in New York, who overstays her visitor's permit and is in danger of deportation. The solution, of course, is to find a husband and acquire American citizenship, but the man she wants to marry, a wealthy New York publisher (Ian Hunter), already has a wife (Verree Teasdale).

Fortunately for Johnny and the script, she meets a penniless young author (James Stewart) in the park, and fixes things up with him, as she fancies, nicely. For seventeen dollars and eighty cents a week room-rent—all this, and Hedy too!—he agrees to a purely platonic marriage, and being a philosophic young man, goes calmly ahead writing a novel about their odd triangular situation. His name, we learn, is plain Bill Smith, which gives us a key to his character. . . And being plain Bill Smith, he realises, after the necessary time it takes a Bill Smith to realise anything, that his Johnny is not a sophisticated girl after all, just a simple home body.

So he takes her out to his grandmother's farm, and there, under the influence of the harvest moon, and the fireflies, and the farmyard orchestra, he persuades her that marriage with a Bill Smith has got to be real marriage and no nonsense. . . Or so the trick - fade - out leads us to believe.

GIRLS AS GROUND CREWS ON
PICKED W.A.A.F.'s AT WO

Two aircraftwomen of the W.A.A.F. refuelling a 'plane ready for flight.

Right: Making an adjustment to an R.A.F. 'plane on a breezy day on an aerodrome.

Below: Concentrated on attending to a minor repair to the wing of an aeroplane.

Driving the tractor for towing flying-boats on to the tarm

MEMBERS of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force are now bei take the place of flight mechanics. A certain number ar taken at a fighter station somewhere in England, show picked doing flight mechanics' work and general ground duties. They are

MBER AND FIGHTER AIRFIELDS: AS FLIGHT MECHANICS.

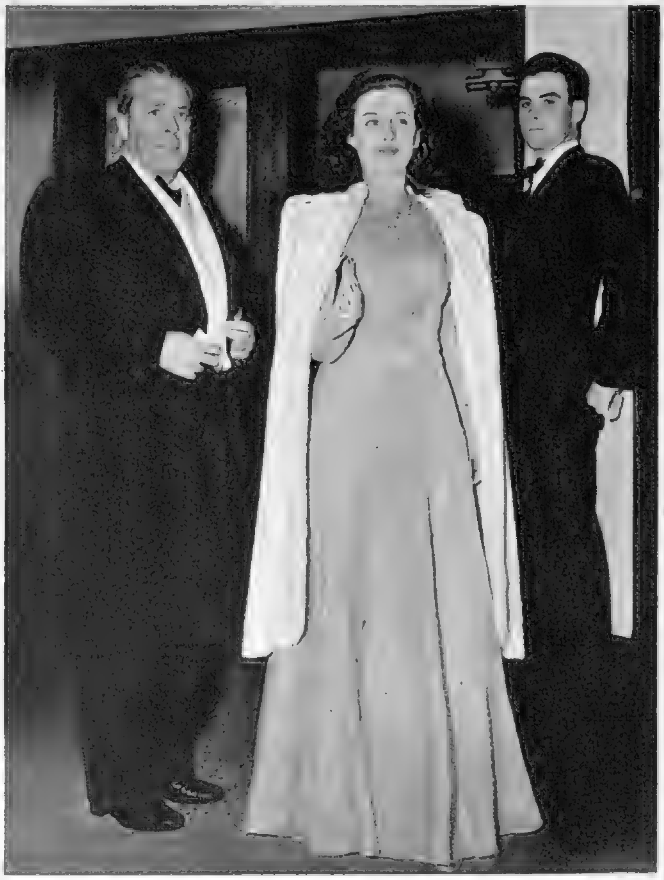
oving it in accordance with signals from an aircraftman.

A squad of three aircraftwomen carrying out refuelling duties on an aerodrome.

Left: Giving a pilot a hand with the adjustment of his kit before taking off.

Below: A pilot being assisted into his seat by one of the new W.A.A.F. ground staff.

l to act as ground crews on bomber and fighter airfields and to sufficiently skilled to undertake these duties. Our photographs, of the W.A.A.F. personnel who have completed their training, a large number of skilled engineers to be released for other work.



WALTER WANGER, *President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, with* MRS. WANGER *(the star* JOAN BENNETT*).*

ALEXANDER KORDA, *producer-director,* MRS. LOUIS B. MAYER, MRS. KORDA (MERLE OBERON), *and* LOUIS B. MAYER *(l. to r.).*

PAULETTE GODDARD, *screen actress-wife of Charlie Chaplin, wearing a barbaric jewelled bracelet and fine furs.*

FRED ASTAIRE, *the famous dancer and stage and screen artist, with* MRS. ASTAIRE.

RONALD COLMAN *faces the camera on arrival, with* MRS. RONALD COLMAN.

HOLLYWOOD TOP-LINERS HELP THE R.A.F.

SONJA HENIE, *skating star, and her husband,* DAN TOPPING, *arriving for the performance.*

MR. *and* MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUNIOR. *He looks as though he were anticipating a particularly agreeable evening.*

Junior stars JANE WITHERS *and* FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, *both looking very grown-up in spite of their youth.*

NIGEL BRUCE *speaking "his piece" into the "mike"; while* GLADYS COOPER *listens.*

MAY ROBSON, *the distinguished film actress, says a few words into the "mike."*

MARY PICKFORD, *formerly known as "the World's Sweetheart," with* SAM GOLDWYN.

There was an outstanding parade of picture personalities, top-liner actors and actresses, producers and directors, at the recent gala performance in Hollywood for the benefit of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund. On these pages we give snapshots of some of the great ones of the screen arriving at this entertainment devised to help our war effort over here.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

UNLESS the supply is out of proportion to the demand, obviously people enjoy reading books about China. Here comes another, "Through China's Wall," a travel book illustrated by the author. Perhaps "travel book" is not quite the right term, for although in and out of Mongolia and elsewhere Mr. Graham Peck moved about a great deal, he also, in Peking, "stayed put." Delightful as they are, his sketches of Chinese types fail of their full effect because of his inability (to my eye, at any rate) to make an Oriental look like an Oriental. The landscapes seem more indigenous, but they are a little over-literal, sacrificing the spirit of the scene to its formal representation. In drawing, Mr. Peck's cast of mind is objective, in writing it is objective and reflective in equal measure, and the result is a first-rate account of his experiences in China and Mongolia, humorous, observant, penetrating and (when the Sino-Japanese war breaks out) terrible.

In Mongolia Mr. Peck spent six weeks as the guest of a Mongol herdsman. This meant living in a "yurt," a "felt bee-hive" scientifically streamlined, windowless and chimney-less, except for a hole at the top which served for both.

The Mongols made much of Mr. Peck.

> They have a tradition of unlimited hospitality: all travellers were supposed to be welcome at all yurts, and generosity was so taken for granted that the Mongol language contained no word for thanks.

They have formal and stately manners, except when drunk, as they always were when at all prosperous: and then they tended to be

> ugly customers, just how ugly is to be gauged from the tradition that it was quite honourable and polite for a host who was visited by a drunken traveller to climb on top of his yurt and entertain his guest from there.

Strange Habits.

The stranger's presence conferred prestige on his host; but his habits were regarded with benevolent amazement. "The Mongols never walked . . . and the idea of walking for exercise was a piece of decadent folly they could not possibly have understood." Nor did they ever bathe; "they went from birth to death unwashed"; and the foreigner's "habit of taking off his clothes and lying down in the river" alarmed the whole province. At first, too, they were shy of having their portraits sketched, regarding the process as "painful if not dangerous." Later they got so used to the ordeal that they would offer themselves as models.

Mr. Peck has an excellent sense of humour and does not despise a simple joke. He quotes Chinese renderings of commercial English that are inspired. "False eyes and dental plumbing inserted by the latest methodists," is one of his happiest examples; and "Ladies' Tailor: Clients may have fits upstairs," another. The essay on "Water" taken from "Correctly English in Hundred Days" is a masterpiece, but alas too long to quote.

Travelling in the extreme West Mr. Peck came across tribes who held a number of engaging beliefs. The existence of a country of dwarfs has been "verified by missionaries," but

> the only evidence of the existence of giants is unfortunately negative; in one district the natives of normal size do build houses with very small doors to keep them out. I was told that in former times when the monsters were more numerous the smaller people used to wear loose metal tubes over their wrists so, if they should be seized, they could slip their hands out and run away. . . The existence of men with tails is still more hypothetical; but at regular intervals rumours which spread as far as the Shanghai papers have been circulated of corpses with tails being found in the rivers.

Chinese Civilisation.

Chinese civilisation has proved itself the most enduring in the world. As to its attitude towards the mechanised age in which we live—an age

> tending towards an air-conditioned, sterilised, sound-proofed future in which all civilisation becomes one great machine aiming to present to mankind at its kernel a surface as agreeably smooth and completely featureless as the inside of a cocoon—

Mr. Peck has some interesting observations to make. So far, the Chinese have managed to adopt a certain number of mechanical inventions without being mechanised by them.

> At some point in their development they apparently came to believe that the more intimate mechanical adjustments were unnecessary, as man could attain the same harmony with his environment simply by accepting it as it was. . . . There has always been a great mass of homely well-tried methods which made the common acts of life—eating, drinking and so on—as pleasant in China as they were anywhere. Otherwise, however, the country's great civilisation has been stored entirely inside its people—and has consisted of a marvellous spiritual resilience, a vital but controlled temper to be seen in all the behaviour of the Chinese, in their calm content and their unflagging good humour.

Every page of Mr. Peck's book illustrates some aspect of Chinese or allied civilisation; the final chapters show it in conflict with the most de-civilising agency of all time—modern mechanical warfare. Mr. Peck describes the scenes of which he was an eye-witness with a power which is all the more effective because it makes no concessions to sensationalism. Everyone who wants to know what war looks and smells like in a warm climate should read "Through China's Wall"—and there are a dozen pleasanter reasons for reading it as well.

If you want to see RUDOLF HESS, *you will find this uncommonly good wax representation of him at Madame Tussaud's. Always up to the moment, Mr. Bernard Tussaud began work on this figure as soon as the ex-Deputy Führer of Germany wafted down by parachute on to a Scottish farm and was taken prisoner. It is a compelling likeness of the beetle-browed toothy Nazi.*

Before the War.

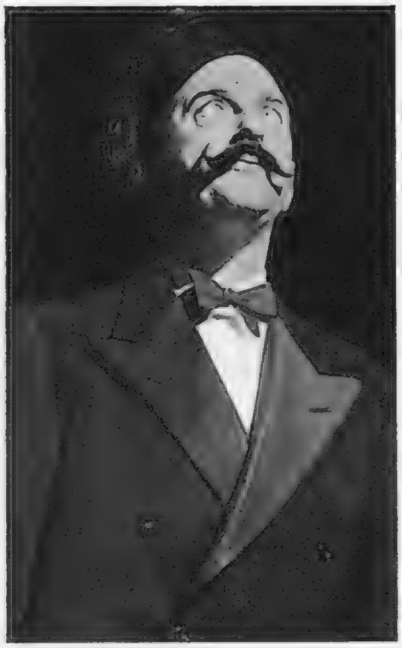
Mr. Rupert Downing, whose breath-taking "If I Laugh" was one of the vividest glimpses we have had of the effect of invasion on another country, again takes us to France, but to pre-war France this time, the Côte d'Azur spread out warmly under an enormous moon. At an expensive hotel we find Mrs. Wainwright solacing a wealthy widowhood with bridge, good food, recollections of Poor Dear Henry, and her daughter Jill. Jill has been giving her some anxiety, but this has disappeared with the dismissal of the chauffeur who occasioned it: and Jill, having learnt her lesson, is too clever to be caught out a second time, but by no means unwilling to repeat the sweet offence. And why not, with the exceedingly attractive Blair Johnson at hand?

[Continued overleaf.

"UP AND DOING" IN LONDON AGAIN.

"*Adapted from the French.*" *The Father* (CYRIL RITCHARD), *the Mother* (BINNIE HALE) *and the Son* (LESLIE HENSON) (*l. to r.*).

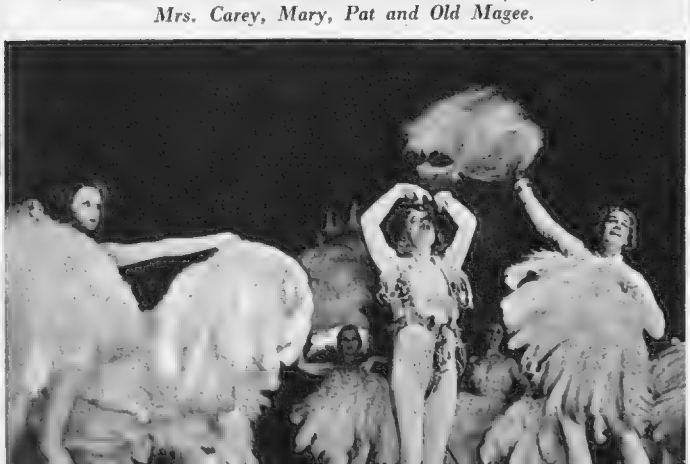
BINNIE HALE *(right) and* STANLEY HOLLOWAY *in the number* "*To the Sea in Ships,*" *by Leslie Henson and Douglas Furber, with apologies to Kipling.*



STANLEY HOLLOWAY'S *recitations are world-famous and always laughter-making. On the left he is the elocutionist trying to give* "*The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God*" *in spite of interruptions by Pukha Sahibs.*

LESLIE HENSON, *to use his own words,* "*wrecks Rachmaninoff*" *in one of the scenes in* "*Up and Doing.*" *He has never been in better form than in this show.*

"*A Kerry Courting,*" *with* DECIMA KNIGHT, PATRICIA BURKE, GRAHAME PAYN *and* STANLEY HOLLOWAY (*l. to r.*) *as Mrs. Carey, Mary, Pat and Old Magee.*



PATRICIA BURKE *singing a specially-written number,* "*You'd Better Go Now—Because I Like You Too Much.*"

Right: LESLIE HENSON *joins the Fan Dancers, but as his fans are* ELECTRIC *ones, the feathers take flight in the breeze!*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN EVERARD.

BINNIE HALE *and* CYRIL RITCHARD *as the rather elderly Fan Dancers at* "*Chez Henson.*"

FIRTH SHEPHARD'S lively revue "UP AND DOING" is drawing big houses at the Saville Theatre now that it has made its welcome return to London. Here are some of the scenes and stars.

Continued.]

Love in Idleness. As the situation develops it is complicated, rather confusingly, by other Johnsons, by Michael, the modern poet, a misfit youth snubbed by everyone; by George, his uncle, a best-selling novelist, and finally by yet more imposing members of this populous clan, Sir Charles and Lady Johnson, George's parents, cruising in the Mediterranean in their steam-yacht. Michael is unmarried; the wives of the other Johnsons play at least as important a part in the story as do their husbands. There is a great deal of give, and perhaps even more take. I did not find it easy to regard the tribulations of the Johnson quadrilateral very seriously and I am not sure that the author means us to. Without actually being a satire on the rich people who used to disport themselves on the Riviera (Mr. Downing's evocation of the recent but infinitely remote pre-war epoch is too nostalgic for that), "God Pardon Us!" definitely conveys the suggestion that some people are fiddling while Europe is on the point of burning; and there is so much triviality in the attitude towards life of all these people that one cannot help feeling that their criss-cross love-affairs are trivial too.

As is usual in detective stories nobody cared for the murdered man; certainly not his wife, who was beginning to find his money no compensation for his age and disagreeableness. Among the guests at Cucuracha Hotel were some practical jokers who enjoyed giving their friends a fright; they stuffed the bedroom of the bride and bridegroom with alarm clocks; but, of course, they were not to blame when she mistook the door of her room and found herself in bed with a corpse. . . . Official detectives play such a small part in this story that they can hardly be said to matter to it; and their methods, which consist in making the chief suspect drunk so that they can worm the truth out of him during the morrow's hangover, are unorthodox even for American policemen. Mr. Shattuck does not take the business of detection very seriously: his aim is to amuse, and in that he succeeds extremely well. The characterisation is adequate; the dialogue could not be snappier, and there are vivid descriptive touches, *e.g.*—

The room was dominated, if not actually cowed, by a large deer head whose slightly crossed eyes regarded the world with an expression of questioning sternness.

Rationing being at the moment in everyone's mouth, so to speak, our caricaturist hied him to the ROYAL ARTILLERY, *and filled his notebook with Gunners—the men who deliver the iron rations.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

This is, of course, quite unfair. Capacity for love, and for being wounded by love, like being entitled to whatever sympathy such wounds deserve, has nothing to do with income and perhaps not much to do with moral worth; so we ought not to underrate the amorous maladjustments of the Johnsons, simply on the grounds that they have too much of the one, and not enough of the other. But though it is true that a man becomes more interesting directly he falls in love with another man's wife, and a woman, *mutatis mutandis*, has the same privilege, it does not necessarily make either of them *very* interesting. "Remember that to the British public one good kiss is worth three decaying bodies"—so the robustly sentimental George Johnson admonishes his morbid nephew. The aphorism sounds well, but remembering the popularity of detective stories, to say nothing of the interest in death displayed in the daily papers, I doubt if it is true. My favourite among the epigrams with which Mr. Downing has so generously starred his book is Michael's gloomy reflection: "I hope for His own sake that there is no God."

A Clinging Corpse. There is only one decaying corpse in "The Wedding Guest Sat on a Stone," and it does not begin to putrefy for some time, having been kept in a refrigerator before its sorely-tried discoverers lose it in the lift. Even then they are not quit of it; like the albatross in the poem which supplies Mr. Richard Shattuck with so many quotations, it goes on, metaphorically at any rate, hanging round their necks.

Mr. Clunk and Scotland Yard. In Mr. H. C. Bailey's new novel, "The Little Captain," Mr. Joshua Clunk, has usurped the position so often and so successfully held by Mr. Reggie Fortune, of being guide, philosopher, if not friend, to Scotland Yard. The reader might be excused for sharing Mr. Clunk's surprise that the results produced by the regular police should compare unfavourably with those of Mr. Clunk's own employees; but unto the novelist much is allowed and Mr. Clunk must deserve some consolation for the selection of hymns that he carries in his head. Mr. Bailey's characters possess a rare talent for verbal repartee and castigation that enlivens his pages; and as our sympathies are more often with the flayer than with the flayed we can enjoy the spectacle of arrogant and over-confident officialdom riding for a fall. It is not quite clear how the affairs of Sister Martha's Home for Girls could have been concealed for so long from even the most casual and informal committee, but possibly Mr. Bailey has not met that *rara avis*—a committee without a single member whose *métier* it is to expose something out of order at every meeting.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Through China's Wall. By Graham Peck. (*Collins; 12s. 6d.*)
God Pardon Us! By Rupert Downing. (*Frederick Muller; 7s. 6d.*)
The Wedding Guest Sat on a Stone. By Richard Shattuck. (*Robert Hale; 7s. 6d.*)
The Little Captain. By H. C. Bailey. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

The thirteenth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

HICCUPPED INTO DIVORCE! "THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING."

Jill (MERLE OBERON), *beautiful young wife of Larry* (MELVYN DOUGLAS), *finds his snoring most disturbing.*

A wrangle about Larry's awful snoring: Jill has woken him up to tell him what she thinks.

"THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING" was due at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on June 15. Jill Baker has the unromantic trouble of hiccups. A psycho-analyst tells her that she must "eye her marriage through a microscope" to find the trouble. It is boredom with her husband; and she finds a cure in a flirtation with the pianist Sebastian. Divorce from Larry and marriage with her new flame should provide a permanent remedy; so Larry half-heartedly agrees, though difficulties arise, as Jill gets jealous about a suggested co-respondent.

Jill has fallen in love with pianist Sebastian (BURGESS MEREDITH), *and decides that she prefers him to her husband, Larry.*

Attorney Jones (HARRY DAVENPORT) *listens to the divorce discussion between Jill, Sebastian and Larry. Jill isn't sure if Larry will play.*

The neurotic musician, Sebastian (BURGESS MEREDITH), *captivates Jill, whose boredom with her husband has given her perpetual hiccups.*

Sebastian shows Jill a portrait of himself by a surrealist artist and expresses annoyance at so "spiteful a representation," but insists that the picture is a great work of art. Jill can't see the likeness!

BIG - MONEY BABIES WHO PAY BIG INCOME TAX.

LARRY SIMMS, *six-year-old star of the famous "Blondie" film series.*

CAROLYN LEE, *five-year-old celebrity who made her début in "Honeymoon in Bali" and scored in "Virginia."*

Left : VIRGINIA WEIDLER, *cast importantly in "Keeping Company," has earned a big income since she made "Laddie" five years ago.*

JOAN CARROLL, *stage success of "Panama Hattie" and due for more screen fame in "Obliging Young Lady."*

JANE WITHERS, *soon to be seen in "A Very Young Lady," is a close rival to Shirley Temple in salary.*

THESE six children are BIG-MONEY BABIES, wonder children of the screen whose income tax on earnings provide Uncle Sam with quite a considerable sum towards the upkeep of his domain! Some of them, as they say in the U.S.A., have been paying income tax since they were "knee-high to a duck!" Only in Hollywood, or possibly on the New York stage, could such a phenomenon occur, and it only happens to the one child in a thousand who possesses photogenic personality. This is a gift not always bestowed on the most beautiful little boys and girls. It is something beyond looks, but is instantly recognised by the public when they see it on the screen. Larry Simms, hero of the "Blondie" series, won international fame after he was selected to pose for a "Saturday Evening Post" cover. Following the appearance of his picture, the major movie studios recognised his photogenic quality and went after him. Columbia won, and he was signed on.

Three-year-old BABY SANDY *started paying income tax at the age of two. She will soon be seen in "Sandy Steps Out."*

HE CAME TO SCOFF—.*

By DOUGLAS NEWTON

MR. WREDGE, the burglar, clicked on the light, swore softly, and stood very still. Poised for instant flight or guile, he stared at the owner of the flat. Then he became frightened.

Was the man dead? He sat motionless, head on sprawled arms, and there was something heart-curdling in his attitude. Had he died as he sat, or was he asleep?

Neither, it seemed.

The householder lifted his head, blinked at the light, blinked at Mr. Wredge. He was neither startled nor afraid, only haggard. He was a man in the thirties, but he looked like one who had come to the end of all things. Mr. Wredge was naturally not concerned with that. Mr. Wredge's first thoughts and last were for himself. He had been a successful burglar so long that the mere thought of his being caught at the height of his prosperity seemed almost improper, and yet he had little chance of getting out of this block of flats if this man raised the alarm. So sighing, because he hated melodrama, he produced a pistol and said: "Put 'em up and keep quiet."

The man at the desk groaned and said: "Why—are you a burglar?"

"Don't matter what I am," said Mr. Wredge. "Put 'em up."

"No," said the man, after considering it. "No, I won't. Shoot away."

Mr. Wredge was horrified. The careful industry of years and the solid bank balance it had accumulated were being endangered by a fool. He cried peevishly: "No silliness, now. Put 'em up. I 'm dangerous."

"I hope you are," said the man. "Shoot away."

Mr. Wredge simply did not know what to do. The fellow was actually asking to be murdered. Mr. Wredge's plump knees began to shake, for being like no thief in fiction, but just the real article, he hated violence. He had, also, in his public life, a steady and profitable little business in furniture selling and repairing; it is a calling which provides admirable means of surveying lootable homes, but does not breed desperate men. In fact, the mere idea of any man wanting to die before his time struck him as grisly. And yet this man did. As Mr. Wredge hesitated, he rose to his feet and with a cry of "Shoot, damn you!" rushed right on to the pistol.

Mr. Wredge couldn't shoot; it was against his nature and also against the nature of his pistol, which looked lethal but was of the "harmless" type. Mr. Wredge, in fact, dropped it and made for the door—thoroughly afraid this nasty fellow would make him kill him. The householder caught him, however, and there was an absurd scuffle in which Mr. Wredge supposed he hit out. Anyhow, the other stopped clawing and jabbing and slid to the floor and remained there motionless and as white as a sheet.

Mr. Wredge wanted to run for his life, but he was too frightened. Say this chap was dead—or dying—it might mean hanging; victims so often lived long enough to give information to the police. . . He felt the man's heart, and he was not dead. And he oughtn't to die, either, if one could find a little brandy to bring him round.

Mr. Wredge searched the flat for brandy. He already knew there was nobody else in it and now he learnt with a shock that it was empty of other things. Not only was it entirely devoid of stimulants, but there was neither tea, coffee, nor a scrap of food in it. Mr. Wredge, whose very solid dual industry had made it impossible for him to conceive any home without food and plenty of it, was horrified at the lack. He was even more horrified when, in the course of his search, he found the letter on the desk.

The letter, which the man must have written to his wife that evening, was still spread on the desk. It was a ghastly one. It was the last message of a man about to take his own life.

It left no doubt about the man's condition. He was down and out. He had sent his wife home to her mother because he could no longer provide for her. He was a beaten man throwing up the sponge in despair.

Mr. Wredge blew out his plump cheeks in embarrassment. No wonder the poor chap was haggard and had no fight in him; he was absolutely starving. As he glanced up from the letter, he found the man regarding him with dazed eyes, and presently he said hoarsely: "You didn't kill me—damn you."

"This," said Mr. Wredge sympathetically, "is very unfortunate."

"Don't excuse yourself, you bungler," rapped the man.

"I was referring to your—er—embarrassing situation. You are really penniless?"

"Oh, shut up," said the man, rising weakly from the floor. "Shut up and get out and let me make a decent job of it."

"But—er—I 'm rather interested," said Mr. Wredge. "I am right in thinking you are Mr. Seemington; *the* Mr. Seemington, the inventor?"

"*THE* Mr. Seemington, *THE* inventor—good God!" the other laughed savagely. "Yes, I 'm that magnificent fellow."

"The inventor of Seemington's Unprotudeable Chair-spring?"

"Yes, that fool," jerked the man. "Now will you get out?"

"But that chair-spring made a fortune," cried Mr. Wredge, who had good reason to know.

"Quite right," said Seemington. "A five-figure fortune."

"So I thought," said Mr. Wredge, and, indeed, it was his reason for being in that flat. "And yet you are—er—penniless."

"Again unmistakably right," said the other. "You see, I didn't happen to be the man it made the fortune for."

Mr. Wredge was startled. As an expert in furnishing, he knew the real value of that invention. More, being a shrewd and saving man, he had actually invested the fruits of several really good burglaries in the company floating it—was, in fact, drawing fat dividends from it.

Yet here was the inventor so poverty-stricken that it had been sheer waste of an evening to rob him. Bewildered, he glanced about the room, which had been furnished with both expense and taste.

"You 're looking upon the first flush of a fool's fortune," Seemington jeered, understanding his look. "All this was bought with the cash down a bloodsucker paid for that spring. I was under the delusion that quite a lot more was coming from the same source. . . I might as well tell you every stick in the flat will be sold within a week to pay my debts."

"You mean," asked Mr. Wredge, "you haven't been able to do any more inventing?"

"Don't be a fool!" snapped Seemington. "I 'm full of inventions. I 've got four now that are worth fortunes. I 'm a walking gold-mine of inventions."

"But a penniless gold-mine, it seems," said Mr. Wredge.

"My God, yes!" groaned the other. "It 's because—but I don't suppose you 've ever heard of one of our Captains of Industry named Wolfgang Sturvinge."

"Sturvinge!" cried the burglar. "That thief!"

"You certainly know him," said Seemington with a hollow laugh. "Well, Sturvinge is the reason of me as I am. Sturvinge bought the Seemington Spring, floated it, made a fortune out of it, and bound me body and soul to go on making fortunes for him—at my expense."

"A crooked contract? Yes, that 's Sturvinge."

"He 's no better than a burglar," continued Seemington, largely ignoring present company. "He knew how to dazzle an ignorant young beginner with a fancy offer for that spring. I signed a three-year agreement with him, not realising I was binding myself for a pittance that 'd hardly keep me going. You see, in my ignorance I left the arrangement of terms entirely in his hands—and you can guess what that meant."

"He 'd rob a widow," said Mr. Wredge piously.

"Well, he robbed me. He did over the spring and my second invention, the Slacspine Chair."

[Continued overleaf.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

HE CAME TO SCOFF—.—(*Continued.*)

"I know it!" cried Mr. Wredge. "A clever little thing and a real money-maker in this age."

"Quite," sighed Seemington. "It 's made me £32 11s. 8d. in two years."

"Rank thievery!" gasped Mr. Wredge.

"Rank Sturvinge." Seemington made a gesture of despair. "I couldn't kick. He had me tight under my own signature."

"The crook! The low crook!" said Mr. Wredge fervently. "But look here, he tied you up for three years, you say, but the Seemington Spring must be three years old."

"Two years and nine months."

"That 's what I mean," insisted Wredge. "Your agreement with him has only three months to run. After that you 're free."

"Certainly," said Seemington. "I shall be free, and I 've been holding back those four money-making inventions until I am free—only, my friend, I 've been holding them back for the last two years. Holding them means not earning a bean, you see, not even from Sturvinge; two years of penury turning into starvation at last. I can't live the three next months without eating, can I? And that 's how Sturvinge has me beaten."

Anger gave him strength to pace the room.

"Only he 's not going to beat me, by heavens! He can tie me up, but he can't keep me alive. It 's better to die than let a wolf like that fatten on my brain."

"Oh, but that 'd be a crying shame," said Mr. Wredge. "Speaking as a humble member of the furniture industry, I 'll say it 's a crime that a brain of real value to our trade should be cut off in its prime."

"It is," agreed Seemington. "It is. I 'm full of money-making ideas. Take my new Kitchenette-folding-bed-radio-gramophone Combination Cabinet—it 'll bring a new era of spaciousness to a million semi-detacheds. And it 's simplicity itself. . ."

The inventor in him overcame his wretchedness and he plunged into a description so fervent that Mr. Wredge listened enrapt, until, "Isn't that a winner?" he cried in the end.

"A winner?" breathed Mr. Wredge, "It 's a hundred thousand pounds at the very least! See here, Mr. Seemington, you simply can't throw yourself away on eternity like this. It 's sheer robbery of posterity and the furnishing trade."

"What else can I do?" muttered Seemington, going limp again at the realisation of his position. "I 'm at the end of my tether. I can't hold out another day, let alone those three months. I 've tried everything—mortgaged, pawned. . . I haven't a penny left. I 'm—finished."

"But—haven't you any friends to help you bridge those three months?"

"Not now—they 've been helping me bridge the two years. I 'm done, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Wredge," said the other modestly, and he coughed in a delicate way. "Have you—er—have you ever thought of taking a partner, Mr. Seemington?"

"With Sturvinge's agreement hanging over me?" Seemington scoffed.

"I mean—well, one who 'd be willing to wait the three months, one who could put up money to tide you over."

"Who 'd be interested in a down-and-out?" Seemington asked huskily.

"Well"—Mr. Wredge coughed apologetically—"I know all about that spring of yours, see; know your work 's good. . . . An' that cabinet *does* seem to me a good business proposition."

"My God, Mr. Wredge!" gasped Seemington, "You 're—you 're suggesting yourself?"

"I don't see why not," said Mr. Wredge stoutly. "I do a very good business in—ahem—various ways. Steady returns and safe 'uns has been my motto, and I 've always been one to save. I 've got a comfortable bit put away—nothing great, but enough to carry you over those three months and to back a sound venture at the end. Well—what I mean is why not? If you 're willing for a fair-sharing scheme I am."

"Good Lord!" Seemington said in a choking voice. "Good Lord . . . you 're salvation, Mr. Wredge! . . . And—and I thought you were a burglar."

"Let 's get along to my place and go into it over a meal," said Mr. Wredge, looking down his nose—he had only just remembered he was a burglar himself. [THE END.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: CMII.

DOUBLING AT THE WRONG TIME.

YOU may remember the advice given in these notes to those about to double—"Don't!" This, in simple language, means that in my opinion, doubling on the whole is a losing game: what you lose on doubled contracts that are made, is far more than what you gain on successful doubles—a re-double with one or two over tricks is a nasty business. But if you *must* double, and I know to my cost that partners find it difficult to resist this pastime, well, then, anyhow, don't double at the wrong time. I am not thinking of the informative double, nor the warning double to keep your partner off bidding, and so on, what I refer to is the bidding situation where it is a near certainty that the bidding will be carried to a still higher level. Suppose, for instance, the bidding has been: North, one spade; East, no; South, two no-trumps; West, no; North, three spades; East, double; that is just folly. It is a card certainty that the bidding will go higher—at least four spades or three no-trumps. Then why double *three* spades? There is another good reason for not doubling at this point. Although you may have a reasonable double of three spades, you may have no protection against three no-trumps, which, on your double, you will drive opponents into; and you have doubled a "safe" contract, which, on the bidding, is a dangerous business; you may easily tumble into a re-double—then what are you going to do?

Now consider this sort of situation: North, one club; East, no; South, two diamonds; West, no; North, two hearts; East, no; South, two spades; West, no; North, five clubs; East, double.

Now South's *two* diamonds confirm the club suit, so it looks as though a slam will be called. Therefore, why double *five* clubs, when the chances are you will be able to double six? The only reason for doubling at this moment is that you hold five or six little trumps (clubs), and want to shut out a slam; for five clubs, even if re-doubled and made, probably will be cheaper than a slam bid and made. Anyhow, these two examples may explain what I am driving at—don't double a bid, no matter how good it looks at the moment, when there is every prospect of the bidding going still higher; in fact (although it is perhaps a nasty way of playing a friendly game), the more you see your opponents heading for a fall, the easier you should make their path towards that fall—at any rate, don't warn them there is trouble ahead. You may think it unnecessary to give this advice; for you will say no sane player would double in these positions. Don't you believe it—I have seen many sane players do this very same thing.

Here is a double-dummy problem—

	SPADES—3, 2. HEARTS—A, 10, 5, 4. CLUBS—A, 4, 3, 2. DIAMONDS—Q, Kn, 9. N	
SPADES—K, Kn, 10. HEARTS—K, Q, Kn, 9. CLUBS—Q, Kn, 10. DIAMONDS—10, 8, 7.	W E	SPADES—9, 8, 7. HEARTS—8, 7, 6, 3. CLUBS—7, 6, 5. DIAMONDS—4, 3, 2.
	S SPADES—A, Q, 6, 5, 4. HEARTS—2. CLUBS—K, 9, 8. DIAMONDS—A, K, 6, 5.	

The contract is five diamonds by South. West leads the king of hearts.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, MAY 28.

ACROSS.—1. Venison. 5. Bestrew. 9. Singe. 10. Wimbledon. 11. Climbers. 12. Serge. 14. Reviver. 16. Diurnal. 18. Vesture. 20. Royston. 21. Sloth. 23. Tasmania. 26. Operation. 27. Plead. 28. Settees. 29. Shatter.

DOWN.—1. Vest. 2. Nine lives. 3. Steam. 4. New Year. 5. Bemused. 6. Salisbury. 7. Rider. 8. Wonderland. 13. Provisions. 15. Vouchsafe. 17. Nutriment. 19. Entails. 20. Resents. 22. Overt. 24. Alpha. 25. Oder.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JUNE 4.

ACROSS.—1. Hard-boiled. 6. Soda. 9. Not cricket. 10. Knit. 12. Beagle. 15. Haven. 18. Once. 19. Rounds. 21. Wares. 22. Romance. 24. Surge. 25. Adduce. 26. Anon. 28. Annam. 29. Footer. 34. Ewer. 35. Six-shooter. 36. Nose. 37. Well-chosen.

DOWN.—1. Hunt. 2. Rats. 3. Barge. 4. Incog. 5. Eleven. 7. Omnivorous. 8. Astonishes. 11. Chewed. 13. Also. 14. Locarno. 16. Crustacean. 17. Guarantees. 20. Dreams. 23. Cast. 27. Office. 30. Ousel. 31. Enoch. 32. Itis. 33. Wren.

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SCHWEPPES
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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FAMOUS GRILL-ROOM.

"OUT here? Or shall we go straight to our table?" asked The Host.

"I prefer to linger a little in anticipation. But what would the others like to do?" His wife looked round enquiringly.

Four of them were already lighting cigarettes and making a circle with six chairs.

"Excuse my talking shop, Sir," said one of the guests, "but I was trying to buy Smith's Crisps to-day. These reminded me of them—— Dry Martini, if I may."

"Smith's Crisps?" said The Hostess. "In packets, do you mean?"

"He means the shares," her husband explained. "I thought they were scarce?"

"So I found. One of my clients wanted four or five hundred, and I had the dickens of a job to get them at anything like a reasonable figure."

"I 'm getting quite a reasonable figure myself," said The Accountant. "Please forgive me for drawing attention to it, but I believe this rationing is doing us no end of good. It is to me, I know that."

"You wait and see how you look when your clothes begin to get shabby, and you haven't enough coupons left for a new suit. Still, as an accountant, you ought to be able to show us how to make our figures balance against our coupons."

"I am completely at sea——"

"So much the better for you, seeing how good the shipping market is. You may not remember how I tried to make you buy P. & O., and some of the lower-priced things."

"You men accuse us," The Hostess declared, "of talking about nothing except clothes. You men are much worse with your stocks and shares. But aren't we going to have any lunch? I 'm ravenous."

They moved into the grill-room, and took their seats at a round table.

"It 's years since I 've been here," said The Solicitor, looking reminiscently at the pictured walls, the white columns, the restful lighting scheme. Most of the tables were taken.

"Why this solitary lighted candle?" The Accountant enquired. "Is it a grand-child's birthday?"

"No," The Hostess answered. "It 's my husband's. We thought there wouldn't be room enough on the table if we had a candle for every year of his age, but a single candle is sufficient to show that one more year has passed. . . . Ah! Here you are at last."

The Girl and The Captain simultaneously apologised for their late arrival. "We 've been shopping," she explained. "Cheerio, Daddy! Many Happy Returns!"

She picked up his glass, and emptied it to his health. "Bah! Whisky!" she spluttered. "Where 's my hankie? I must have left it on the counter at the store where I was shopping."

"Are those West End shops doing any good?" asked The Captain. "Some of the departments that I was dragged into this morning seemed to be quite busy."

"It 's astonishing to me," The Host replied, "to watch the trade that they do to-day. What with income tax and War Weapons Weeks and flag days and cocktails, you 'd think that nobody would have a penny piece to spend. And rationing of clothes on the top of that! Yet the big shops attract a lot of business: you can see that for yourself."

The Accountant asked whether the Government's recent E.P.T. scheme brought in any demand for shares in mining and oil companies. "They are the two industries most affected."

"I don't think it has made twelve-pounds-ten difference to my own firm. Nobody can understand the plan as it applies to mines. And the oil market has been up against politics: that has done no good to the shares."

"This veal is doing good to me," said The Girl contentedly. "It 's not surprising, is it, Daddy, that good-natured parents take their families out to lunch as often as is possible?"

"Then the catering people should be flourishing," The Captain assumed.

"Most of them are anything but that. Conditions must be very difficult for them. You have to look upon the shares as being in the recovery class."

"Lyons are all right, I suppose?"

"You needn't worry about Lyons. And Tate and Lyle is a sound show."

"I have Imperial Chemicals," said The Girl proudly. "Not just ordinary chemicals, such as they use at the laundries, but Imperial. Think of that! And the dividend is eight per cent."

"But they yield you five per cent. at the present price," her father remarked. "I thought of selling them, and putting the money into something that would pay you better. No, no: I don't mean pigs, or bees, or mushrooms or Cox's orange-pippins——"

"Why not Defence Bonds?" she asked.

"They pay three per cent. Is that enough for you?"

"All you need do is to buy me double the quantity, and then I should get six per cent., of course. Aren't you a silly old dear not to have thought of that before! Now, I wonder whether it has ever occurred to the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"Better write and ask him," laughed her mother. "Perhaps he hasn't got such a wise daughter as your father and I have! Here 's Many Happy Returns, John."

"Same here, Sir," said The Captain. "And to prove how I adore your daughter, here is four coupons' worth of my love for you: a little birthday present, if you please."

"Thanks very much. But how did you know I wanted a pair of slippers? She told you, did she? I suppose it wouldn't be fair to ask where the coupons came from? . . . What 's the matter, my dear?"

"Matter?" she echoed tragically. "Now, how on earth did I do that? And I can't possibly spare even two more coupons for another pair. Isn't that just too bad?"

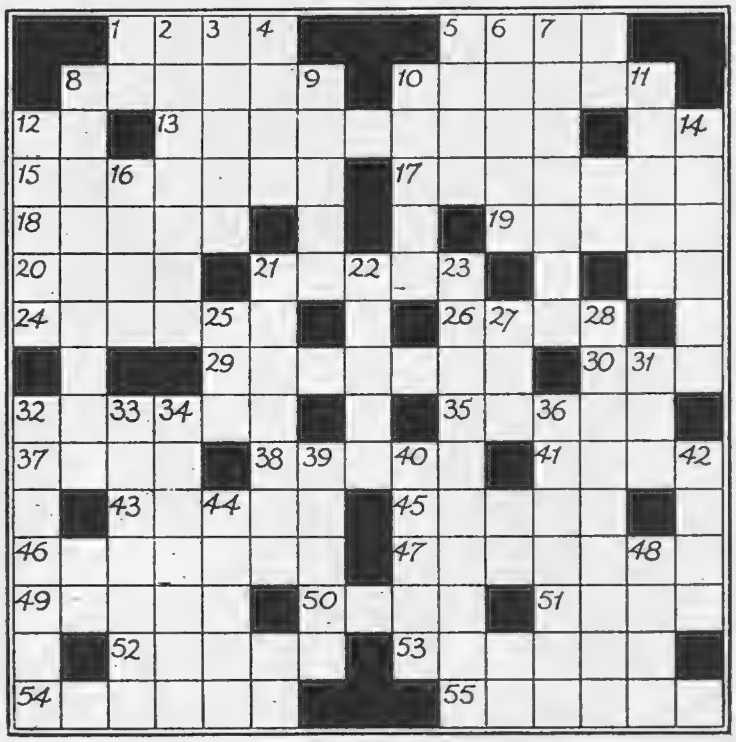
The Captain said something very softly.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "I couldn't possibly let you. It 's awfully sweet of you, but——"

She glanced down again.

"It 's gone hopelessly. Beyond repair. The last lot you bought me were Nines, weren't they, Daddy?" *Friday, June 13, 1941.*

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Disguise (4).
5. Deficiency (4).
8. Pious insect? (6).
10. Herald's coat (6).
13. Tangle men (anag.) (9).
15. This hunger by making it into a sausage (7).
17. Performs face-lifting? (7).
18. Palms set to music (5).
19. The trail of a crook may lead to this (5).
20. She could easily become thin (4).
21. What 8 Across apparently does (5).
24. Force (6).
26. Won before the start (4).
29. Chucked out (7).
30. Cooks stroke it and it strokes crooks (3).
32. Apparently she 's Spanish (6).
35. Approaches (5).
37. Raid that dried up (4).
38. Common to crests and crackers (5).
41. Do you put your shirt on it or under it? (4).
43. Russian dancer (5).
45. This will make you eager (5).
46. Lo! no use (anag.) (7).
47. Royalties (7).
49. Italy in chaos, apart from the priest-hood (5).
50. After reception it takes evacuees (4).
51. Hindu stair to river (4).
52. Well this is a bit squiffy! (5).
53. High jinks (6).
54. Nice MS. (anag.) (6).
55. Out of sight (6).

DOWN.

2. Was Euclid like this? (7).
3. Got up to get a move on (5).
4. Potentate (4).
5. Such dogs need a leg up (4).
6. Sailor astern (5).
7. Quack propaganda? (7).
8. Angel or Postal employee possibly (9).
9. Could this beast cox a boat? (5).
10. Such bears like picnics (5).
11. Compliment to perfect beauty (5).
12. Dominion emblem (5).
14. Obliquely (6).
16. Reverse of 34 (4).
21. Jams pay (anag.) (7).
22. Turn coats for this course (5).
23. Shorthand writing (10).
25. Secure (3).
27. Written in verse (3).
28. Made a noise like a barn-owl (9).
31. Jack would make a donkey laugh (3).
32. Food containing a plum (7).
33. This rider sits behind (7).
34. More than foolish (7).
36. Vengeance begun among the aged (7).
39. She changes to adore (5).
40. Diverted flood may produce these (5).
42. Synonym of 19 (4).
44. London bookseller (5).
48. Condition preferred to elegance (4).

(N.B.—No clues are given to two-letter spaces.)

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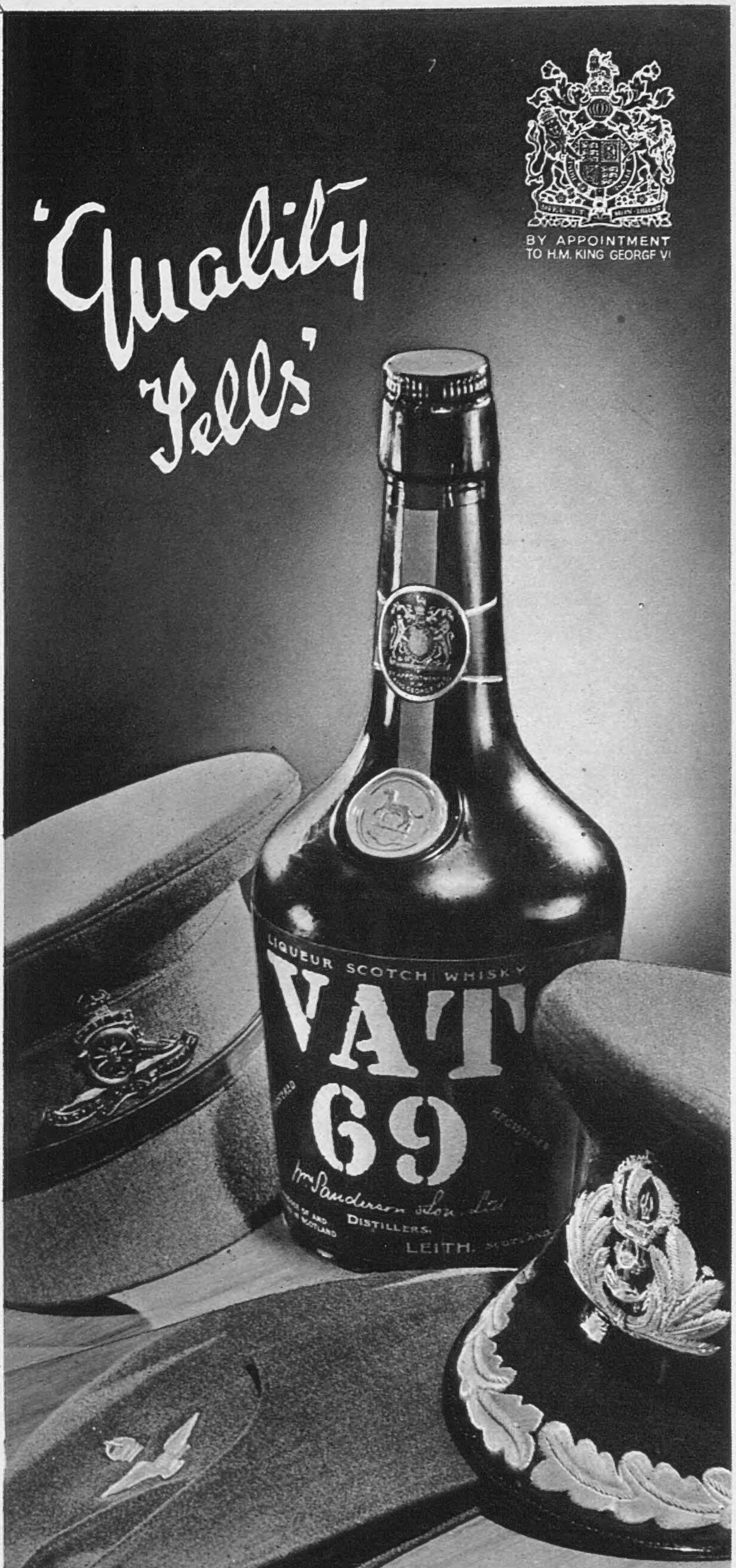

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD. LEITH

WOMEN IN WARTIME

FLOWER - TRIMMED HATS

MAYFAIR POSIES TO HARMONISE THE CLASSIC TAILORED SUIT

HATS are gay with flowers and fruit; the brims are neat. The models pictured may be seen in the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. Two views are given of the one at the top of the page; it is of black coarse straw, with a bunch of coloured gardenias, cherries and mignonette in front. Black satin ribbon is present at the back.

NOWADAYS fashions are more or less quintessential. Nevertheless, there are slight changes, including the higher neck-line and slightly longer skirt. There are many variations on suits of the classic character. For instance, the one pictured above was designed and carried out by J. Nicoll and Co., of 120, Regent Street, in a reliable wool fabric. The corsage is pleated, has short sleeves and very flattering mock peasant belt; rouleaux appear on the coat. There are a variety of travel suits, a feature being made of the contrasting coat, graceful with swing back.

SNOW-WHITE gardenias and black velvet ribbon have been requisitioned to trim the hat above. It may appropriately be worn at an informal wedding by bride or bridesmaid. There are posies of Mayfair flowers and fruit. A new note is struck in the round toques of ruched taffeta. They have the appearance of massed flowers. Pull-on "felt hats" for country wear are well represented.

Charming?

of course!

but you don't queue up for

Kayser 7-size Underwear

You know—and patriotically accept—the reasons why there must be a shortage of Kayser until the war is won. That is why you will want to buy Kayser 7-size Underwear unselfishly. So please register for Kayser with your draper. Leave your name and address and the size and shade of the garment you would like. Then everyone will get her fair share as supplies come through.

PRINCESS SLIPS *Sculptured to the shape of your figure. Graceful from uplift top to swinging hem.*

		Bust	
K.7	Rayon Satin	32", 34", 36" ...	**8/11**
		38", 40" ...	**9/11**
K.C.7	Rayon Crêpe	42", 44" ...	**11/6**

FRENCH KNICKERS *Sensibly cut but fascinatingly flared.*

		Waist	
F.K.4	Rayon Satin	25", 27", 30", 33"	**5/9**
F.K.C.4	Rayon Crêpe	- - - -	**5/9**

Shades, Nectarine, Ivory, Azure, Black

(All prices subject to Purchase Tax).

KAYSER TRADE MARK

Insist on seeing this label on every Kayser garment you buy.

KAYSER

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MORE POPULAR THAN EVER

IN the Mess, in Hotels, Restaurants and Bars—no less than in the Home—the call is for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale. Brewed from British hops and barley; appetising, refreshing, stimulating; Whitbread's superb Pale Ale is more popular than ever.

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

BREWED & BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.I.

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"Good
Health!"

★

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SLIM MEDIUM & BROAD

("... fighting in the front line of democracy."
Pres. Roosevelt.)

Civilian war duty means many extra hours in shoes when your feet cry out "slipper-time." See that you have shoes to *fit* your feet—in width as well as length.

Wearra Shoes promote perfect foot comfort. Made in *sizes* and *half-sizes* with *slim, medium* and *broad* fittings to each.

Splendid in everyway. Made in three smart American-styled models in choicest black or tan leather. British labour

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SHOES FOR MEN

H.L.S. says:
Send a postcard for my little book, "Footwear since the World began"; also name of local Wearra stockists, to the makers:
JOHN SHORTLAND LTD.
(Dept.S) Irthlingborough
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and now

'Konerays'
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